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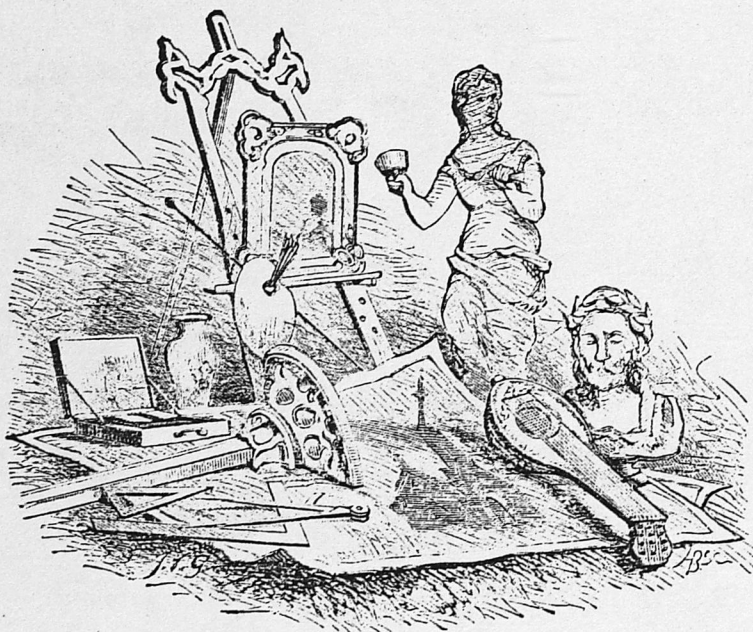
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THE ART REVIEW

An Exponent of Art for the People.



CHICAGO:
E. H. TRAFTON, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 115, MADISON STREET.

Knickerbocker Mutual Life

Insurance Company, of New York.

ERASTUS LYMAN, *President.*

S. A. MATTISON,

Manager Northwestern District.

OFFICE:

166 and 168 Randolph Street,

CHICAGO.



GEO. F. SNIFFEN, *Secretary.*

GEO. C. RANDALL, *Cashier.*

J. B. WHEATON, *Agency Sup't.*

DR. M. PARKER, *Medical Ex.*

*Policies issued from and Losses paid
at this Office.*

PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY DURING THE PAST THREE YEARS.

Year.	New Policies Issued.	Amount Insured.	Assets.	Assets, March 1st. 1869.	
1866.....	5,450.....	\$17,000,000.....	Dec. 31st, 1866. \$1,569,929	Amount paid to Widows and Orphans of Deceased Members.....	\$6,500,000
1867.....	10,284.....	31,310,725.....	Dec. 31st, 1867. 3,078,455.	Surplus, Reversionary and Cash Dividends paid by the Company, over.....	1,300,000
1868.....	10,722.....	33,073,621.	Dec. 31st, 1868, 5,170,500.	Amount Insured.....	650,000
				Members Insured in 1868.....	33,073,621
					10,722

This District comprises the States of OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN, IOWA, MINNESOTA, KANSAS, NEBRASKA, and the Territories of DAKOTA, COLORADO, WYOMING, UTAH, NEVADA, and IDAHO.

GENERAL, SPECIAL, AND TRAVELING AGENTS WANTED.

Address, S. A. MATTISON, *Manager,*
166 and 168 Randolph St., Chicago.

TO THE PUBLIC.

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I have had the question asked me very many times, to what particular peculiarity I attributed the secret of my success, and my answer has been: By *acting* and inducing people to *act now*. The orthodox world is convinced that to die in their sins is to be lost! forever lost! And yet ministers of the gospel will exhaust their powers of logic and eloquence, sawing the air with their arms to convince men of what they all admit. Very little time and labor are spent in persuading men to put *immediately into practice* the truths taught and believed by them. One hour spent alone with the humblest member of his congregation, in *prayer* and *vital practice* of religious principle, might be worth *worlds* more than a whole *lifetime* in the most eloquent display of elocution and rhetoric. Hence the importance attached to *action*. *action now*. Knowledge without practice only dyes the sin the deeper.

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"I am convinced," said I. "from that remark that you do not appreciate my business."

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ly thanking High Heaven for the institution of Life Insurance, and the birth of the man that influenced her husband to avail himself of its blessings; and reflecting upon the poor house, penitentiary and gallows, that might have been occupied by her darling boys, and for herself, the *degradation, poverty, anguish and premature death* from which she had been saved by this God-endowed institution.

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"I confess I never took that view of the subject," was the reply of the Rev. Mr. A.

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DEVOTED TO ART, MUSIC, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1870.

No. 2.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by EDWIN H. TRAFTON, in the Clerk's office of the District Court, of the United States, for the Northern District of Illinois.

Editors can make extracts from THE ART REVIEW by giving the proper credit.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

FROM saffron to purple, from purple to gray,
Slow fades on the mountain the beautiful day;
I sit where the roses are heavy with bloom,
And wait for the moonlight to whiten the gloom.

Far down the green valley I see through the night,
The lamps of the village shine, steady and bright;
But on my sweet silence there creeps not a tone
Of labor or sorrow, of pleading or moan.

Low sings the glad river along its dark way,
An echo by night of its chiming by day,
And tremulous branches lean down to the tide
To dandle the waters that under them glide.

The night-moths are flitting about in the gloom,
Their wings from the blossoms shake dainty perfume;
I know where the cups of the lilies are fair
By the breath of their sweetness that floats on the air.

I sit in the shadow, but lo! in the west
The mountains in garments of glory are drest!
And slowly the sheen of their brightness drops down,
To rest on the hills in a luminous crown.

The dew glitters clear where the meadows are green,
In ranks of white splendor the lilies are seen,
And the roses above me sway lightly to greet
Their shadowy sisters, afloat at my feet.

Low sings the glad river, its waters a-light,
A pathway of silver, lead on through the night;
And fair as the glorified isles of the blest
Lies all the sweet valley, the valley of rest.

ART-PROGRESS IN AMERICA.

BY EUGENE BENSON.

WHENEVER any one awakens to the perception of the beautiful, art begins; when a society unites to express its need of the beautiful, art has found its public, and the divine idea is about to be incarnated. The general awakening of our society to a sense of its want of the beautiful—an awakening which has followed so closely its mighty struggle and grand self-sacrifice for the general good, is one of the most striking facts of our domestic experience. It almost seems as if each man was working with his neighbor to secure the beautiful; and all the

minor means of popularizing art, all the means of duplicating and scattering copies of the works of ancient and modern painters, bear witness to a generally felt need of the beautiful. This need, which but a few years ago was fairly met by the art of the engraver, now asks for something yet closer to our actual impressions of nature, and it has awakened the curiosity of the mind so much that ART is almost as general a subject of interest as politics and religion. This need of the beautiful, in its commonest form, now asks for an art that employs *color*. The American does not love a cold, or a sober expression, and I suppose it is for this reason that he has welcomed the chromo-lithograph, which pleases him more than the old art of steel engraving. It pleases him, because it is cheaper, and a closer approximation to the beauty of an oil painting, in fact, because it is a better *imitation*. An American may be unacquainted with the glories and wonders of art; he may know nothing of what constitutes the excellence of the old masters of painting, but he is familiar with a full scale of color in his autumn forests, and the chromo-lithograph at least gives him something nearer to the gold, and scarlet, and russet hues, and the varied tints of meadows, swamps and woods, than any other common means of duplicating his impressions of the beautiful. Twenty years ago our landscape painters were not much in advance of the steel engravers' idea of art. They employed neutral tints, and seemed not to know positive ones; the vivid green of the grass, the warm and brilliant hues of the fall were poorly rendered, in fact, oftener avoided in landscape art. We cite the landscapes of Durand in proof of our statement. To-day we are so far in advance of the engravers' idea of painting that we can point to a group of landscapists whose aim corresponds with the fulness and glory of the impression of nature.

The progress of art in America is wholly a matter of individual effort. No State aid has evoked or supported men of genius or of talent, but men of genius have simply grown up and drawn nourishment from

whatever could give it to them. The sentiment of art naturally has been strongest in the greatest centers of our social life; and in New York and Boston it seems to have made its most pronounced and precious expression. But there is no reason why cities of less wealth, and therefore less absorbed by the mere business of present gain, should not afford some encouragement to art. If the progress of art in America has extended beyond a few liberal and cultivated men in our greatest cities; if it has not been confined to New York, Boston and Chicago, the men and women of some means and much leisure in the minor cities of the Union must certainly be interested in giving some sign of existence of the "Art Idea" in their midst.

Public opinion, which requires a local newspaper to formulate its conclusions, and sow itself in every household, is yet to be educated to a perception of the use of the beautiful. A people who may be said to live in every possible form of human expression, will be as willing to tax themselves for the establishment of a picture gallery, and a hall of casts after famous statues, as they are willing to make a fund for a public library. The want of such local means of art education as we speak of has effected the whole culture of the American mind, and it makes the distinction between the American limited to his narrow-home experience, and the American who has been illuminated by the great and ancient ideals of art in foreign lands.

A copy of J. R. Ward's "Indian," of H. K. Brown's "Washington," of Palmer's "White Captive," a cast of the "Venus," of "Milo," of the "Gladiator," of the "Theseus," of the "Victory of the Parthenon," of the head of "Antinous," of "Nero," of "Cæsar," of "Socrates," of "Demosthenes," in Portland, Augusta, Salem, Newburyport, Springfield, Burlington, Albany and Ithaca, would do much for the art culture of America. Who could estimate the influence of the presence of such works in the society of these cities? Religion and law, which have voice and honor in our towns, would be fairly supplemented in their conservative influence by